

OUR CHURCHES

by
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The little white church in the valley,
And the one on the green hill side.
There is one on the banks of the river,
And one on the prairie wide.

Visioned from glory — a dream come true,
Builded by love — patterned with beauty,
The loving hands that fashioned you,
Enfolding, caressing pleasant duty.

Oh' the joy of true salvation,
Along paths that our fore-fathers trod,
All lead to the self same purpose,
"Freedom to worship their God."